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yellow-throat was met with this year that contained more than four eggs. In previous seasons I have found a few sets of five eggs, but never more. Four eggs are the usual completed laying; three eggs to a first set is not uncommon, while a set of five is a comparative rarity.

*Upper Lake, Lake County, California.*

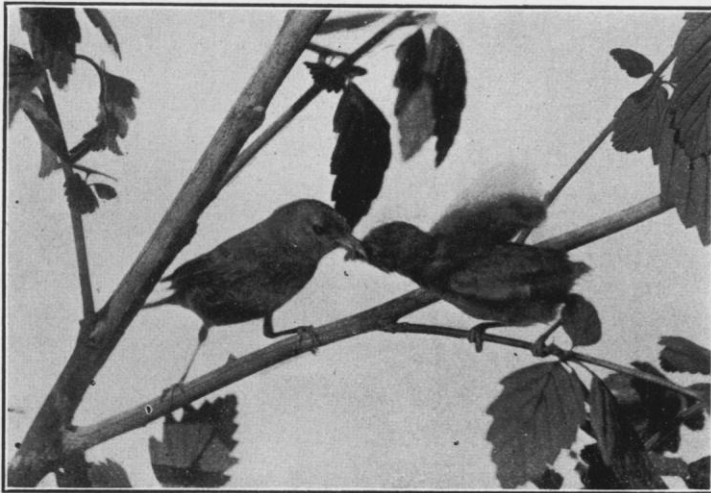
### The Lutescent Warbler

*(Helminthophila celata lutescens)*

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN

THE first nest of this warbler I ever found was tucked up under some dry ferns in the bank of a little hollow where a tree had been uprooted. The mother flushed when I was twenty feet distant and flew straight over the



LUTESCENT WARBLER FEEDING YOUNG

tree-tops. I watched several times to get a good look at the owner, but she was very shy and not till the following season, when I found two more nests of the same species, did I place this warbler on my list of bird acquaintances.

The second nest was on a hillside under a fir tree, placed on the ground in a tangle of grass and briar. It contained five eggs, pinkish-white in color, dotted with brown. This owner was not so shy as the first but remained in the tree overhead. I found a third nest of four eggs in a sloping bank just beside a woodland path. A fourth nest was tucked in under the overhanging grasses and leaves in an old railroad cut. It contained five fresh eggs on the 8th of June.

Last summer I found a nest placed in a somewhat different position. While watching a white-crowned sparrow my attention was attracted to a lutescent warbler in a willow. Twice she carried food into the thick foliage of an arrowwood bush. A cluster of twigs often sprouts out near the upper end of the branch and here, in the fall, the leaves collect in a thick bunch. In one of these bunches, three feet from the ground, the warbler had tunneled out the dry leaves and snug-

ly fitted in her nest making a dark and well-protected home. For some reason the nest did not contain the full complement of eggs, but on June 2, the day I found the nest, it held one half-grown bird and an addled egg.

Dr. Cooper speaks of this orange-crowned warbler as an abundant and common resident of California near the coast and found in summer throughout the Sierra Nevada. In March they begin to sing their simple trill, which is rather musical and audible for a long distance.

I have found this warbler quite abundant throughout the western part of Oregon, where they begin nesting in the latter part of May and the first of June. Over on the Oregon coast the nesting season is always a little later.

There amid the continued roar of the breakers, within a few yards of the ocean beach, I found a lutescent warbler sitting on five eggs, the first of last July. This nest was also placed above the ground in a bush two feet up. So it is not rare in this locality to find the lutescent warbler nesting above ground.

This warbler is not showy like some of its cousins, but in harmony with



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its shy disposition it carries its brighter colors beneath the outer surface. The distinguishing feature that ornithologists have selected in identifying this feathered mite is the patch of pale orange hidden by the grayish tips of the cap feathers. But it is seldom that this hidden crown of gold is seen in the live bird. If you want to see it you will have to take the time and patience to cultivate the owner's acquaintance.

One generally has to force his friendship upon a bird by lying around the nesting site for hours at a time. That is the way I had to do with "Lutie." Sometimes you are accepted without much hesitation but often you are regarded with continued suspicion. It all depends upon the bird. The first day I found the lutescent warbler's nest I sat down fifteen feet away and it was almost an hour before the mother would return to the nest and feed her young. Fifty yards down the hillside a bush-tit had hung her nest. I was examining the nest when the parents came with food. I sat down five feet away and in exactly three minutes by the watch one of the parents entered and fed the young.

"Lutie" became quite tame after I had visited her for two or three days. She

lost her fears for the camera. Plate after plate was snapped but her movements were always very rapid and weather conditions are not always of the best in Oregon.

As I sat in the bushes by the nest with the camera by my side I had almost as good a chance to study the marking of her dress as if I had held her in my hand. She would alight on a twig three feet away and I often saw her orange crown when she ruffled up her feathers in inquiry or alarm. It seems strange that such a delicate tinge of orange should be hidden just as if it would fade away in the sunshine. Maybe in time when this fidgety little fellow has reached a higher stage in the evolution of his existence he will flit about the trees in a real cap of gold.

*Portland, Oregon.*



NEST OF LUTESCENT WARBLER

### Bird Surgeons

BY W. OTTO EMERSON

IT was only a stray bone of a peculiar shape among the drift along the Monterey beach that attracted my eye—a bone differing from hundreds of others that may be found in a locality where dead birds are cast ashore by the waves. On a closer examination it was seen to be the humerus of a bird as large as a gull or a cormorant, and it had been broken at some stage of its life.

I at once recalled the many mythical tales of birds being able to care for their broken legs or wings by binding or wrapping them with hairs, feathers, and other handy materials. A citizen of Cleveland writes, for one of the Cincinnati papers, an account of his finding two young swallows in his barn. One of them had a leg thoroughly bandaged with horse hairs, presumably accomplished by a parent. He carefully removed the hairs, one by one, and found that the nestling's leg was broken. On visiting the nest next day what was his surprise to find the young swallow's leg bandaged as before. The bird surgeon was not again interfered with, and in about two weeks he found that the horse hairs were being removed, a few each day; and finally when all were off, the union of the bones was evidently perfect.

Another case is cited from "Youths' Chronicle." A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has shot woodcock which were found to be convalescing from previously received wounds. This naturalist goes on to state that